

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

Three Dollars a Year,
in Advance.

No. 9.

LITTLE WOMEN.
BY A. S. DENITA.

In a little precious rose what splendor meets
the eye!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You remember the proverb says—A word unto the wise.
A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner.
More than all other condiments, although 'tis
a pointed thinner.
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not
find within her.
And as within the little rose you find the richest
And in a little grain of gold much price and
value lies.
As from a little baloon much color doth arise.
So in a little woman there is a taste of the infinite.
Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays.
Color and pride and virtue in the clearness of its
rays—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays.
Beauty and grace and love and fidelity always.
The sky-lark and the nightingale, though small
and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the
birds that sing:
And so in a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and bower'd that bloom
in spring.
The magpie and the golden thrush have many
a thrilling note.
Each as a boy musician doth strain his little
throat.
A merry little songster in his green and yellow
gown.
And such a little woman is when Love doth
make her dote.
There's naught can be compared to her throughout
the wide creation:
She is a paradise on earth—our greatest consolation.
So cheerful, gay and happy, so free from all vexation:
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.
If, as her size increases, are woman's charms
decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great
rejoicing.
Nay! 'tis this chooses the less—said a wise man
of the East:
By consequences of woman-kind be sure to choose
the least.



"Ah! Captain Gordon, I have not forgotten you. The new name was the part that I could not reconcile." It was Mrs. Danvers who spoke at last, in a few, measured tones.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE!

ON,

THE STOLEN HEIRESS!

By Mary E. Woodson,

Author of "A Woman's Vow," "Oaklands," etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 44. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER VII.

SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

"It was far enough away, I know, across two seas and half a continent; but with my unprepossessing face before you, can you not yet recall?" murmured Captain Graham, in soft, persuasive accents. "Does your present happiness so completely efface from your memory all recollection of Miss Miriam Roscoe, Madame Dupre and the old days at Cairo?"

Very slowly the color came back to Miriam Danvers' face. They who observed could plainly detect that the associations of this man, which he himself had recalled, had been by no means pleasant to her. Some of them had heard that she had not been wealthy when Eugene Danvers lifted her from her low state by marriage; and this, they felt assured, must be one of the acquaintances of her less prosperous days, of whom in her present position, she must feel some what ashamed.

But on the other hand, he too was exquisitely dressed—a handsome man, certainly, to those who regard form rather than expressions; and in his whole bearing had assumed a manner of polite and easy patronage towards her.

He now smiled in mischievous amusement at her visible trepidation, and glanced around at the observers with a look that said plainly, "You see through this. She feels my power, and I shall force her to express it."

"Ah! Captain Gordon, I have not forgotten you. The new name was the part that I could not reconcile." It was Mrs. Danvers who spoke at last, in a low, unsteady tone.

Eugene was standing close at hand, with an expression of surprise and interest on his handsome face.

"Captain Gordon was my *nom de guerre*," said the stranger, still with the set smile that displayed his dazzlingly white teeth. "I had forgotten that as such I was alone known to Madame Dupre. You see, sir, when we enter a foreign army we know not what disasters of war may befall us, and hence we generally assume an *alias*, that if the worst should come, our friends may be at least in some uncertainty as to our fate. Such were my motives when she knew me as Captain Gordon. Since returning to my own country I have, of course, resumed my natural cognomen."

"You are then a native of America?" said Eugene.

"Ah, yes."

"And you have been absent quite a while?"

"Ten years, with the exception of a few brief visits here."

"You do not dread the ocean as I did

then?" said Miriam, rousing herself with an effort.

"Oh, no! I enjoy it. There is something pleasant to me in perpetual agitation. If a choice could be had between a battle on land and a storm at sea, I think it should be given to the latter. I prefer a home in the deep, deep sea to the horrors of a graveyard any time; but we grow gloomy. You only reached here to-day, madame, I am informed?"

"Only to-day."

"I was at the depot when the train came in, and you may imagine my surprise when I recognised you. I readily learned your destination, but imagined you had been here quite a while, and were to-day only returning from some short trip."

"No, as I said, this is my first evening here."

"Travel has, if possible, improved you, Mrs. Danvers; you never looked better. We were quite surprised to hear of your marriage, though I suppose we ought not to have. Your life, like my own, has been a changing and eventful one, has it not?"

"Far more so than I would ever have chosen, had I been arbiter of my own destiny," she answered, with an accent akin to bitterness. "You gentleman may be fond of the vicissitudes of active life; but to a woman's heart there is greater peace even in the quiet of the desert. The storms of fate have been over me, until I long, oh! so intensely for the calm."

Those who were near enough to catch the plaintive tone of her voice, were pain-fully startled at the contrast which it presented to the silvery laughter and artful gaiety of an hour ago before. She had lifted her eyes to Captain Graham's face, and he, too, seemed to be

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As is often the case, a fierce determination in the breasts of a few overcame the multitude battling without momentarily specific cause. It was there that the colonel received his first wound. Oh, he was a gallant gentleman! And it was there, I think madame, that you likewise renewed your acquaintance with the Portuguese family to which Nina DaCosta belonged?"

"Yes."

She had asked him no questions of old friends yet.

"She remembers you still, with unabated affection. Her mother, I am sorry to say, died about four months ago."

"Ah!" This time it sounded like a sigh of relief.

"Now you are not at all yourself this evening. You are generally quoted, even by us, as a pattern of discretion. Let me see, there is no one here so we can sit or walk as we will, and have nothing to interrupt us."

"What will my husband say?"

"Now that is too shallow," and Captain Graham laughed—a laugh of cruel amusement. "Have I not talked with him for fully fifteen minutes, and do I not see that he is innocent of it?"

"You are compromising me with others."

"Pshaw! They will hardly take me for your lover. You did not seem quite glad enough to see me for that."

"Why have you hunted me down?"

"Most natural thing in the world. I pride myself on my cleverness, and I couldn't bear to you to think that you had outgeneraled me. It was a sharp thing in you to entrap this innocent young nabob—very sharp. Do you think I did not suspect it, when our gallant colonel lay—?"

"Hush! For the love of God, hush!"

"Well, I was simply answering a question, I will take another form. You asked me why I did not put myself in a position where I need not ask aid of others, as you have done. Let the mirror in front of us tell you. Do you not see that it has endowed you with gifts which few mortals in this world ever possess. If I had beauty or talents comparable to yours, don't you suppose I would have sold them, as you have done? Heaven was less kind, and hence I am here."

"What do you want?"

"Can you ask me that when you think of your present position and look around you?"

"I was a fool to do so. You mean to have money."

"What a hard mistress is necessity! This is an awkward subject between people surrounded as we are, is it not?" he exclaimed.

"For heaven's sake have done with foolishness, and tell me how much you want, and on what conditions you are to receive it?"

"I leave you to name the conditions," said the Captain, gallantly. "They are always sweet from a woman's lips."

"Where are Caspar Lennox and his wretched wife?"

"They are here."

"Here?" and she looked around with a shudder.

"I mean in the city," replied her companion, coolly. "But if you will be here me, and I have told you a dozen times they know nothing of the Colonel's—shem! I am very careless. I mean they know nothing that can materially affect your position here. They suspect, but are themselves encompassed by too many difficulties, not to be especially guarded in all matters where they would invoke the aid of the law."

"Peace!" she exclaimed, with growing impatience. "Of what avail to me or yourself will your admiration be, do you think? Ah! Miles Gordon, I know you; you love nothing in this wide world but money."

"Let us turn into the conservatory to the right."

"Ah, now that sounds like the woman of business that you always were. Why will you never look upon me as your friend? It is to our mutual interests to protect each other."

"I have placed myself beyond the need of protection from others," she said, a momentary anger flashing from her eyes. "And why can not you, a strong man, do the same? Do you seek it from me?"

"Softly, Mrs. Danvers. You are not at all yourself this evening. You are generally quoted, even by us, as a pattern of discretion."

"I should undoubtedly have to exchange pistol shots with your adoring lord, and though I am a fine shot, I might get a bullet for my pains. On the other hand, if ever I admired a man for his cool, invincible bravery, that man was Louis Heynard Dupre, your late husband; and hence I think you should respect my feelings, and be willing to aid a friend for whom the world has not wagged so easily as for yourself."

"You want money?"

"Aye! But why repeat the question? You yourself have said it, and there is something gratifying to fine nerves—something cold, almost brutal, in the blunt English."

"Then hear me. My husband's father had fancied me to be the daughter of famous Hunter Roscoe until to-day, and was astounded, on my arrival, to find me only a distant cousin, and a widow at the time of his son's marriage. There were two Douglas Roscoes, as you know. My father was well known to this Philip Danvers, and it would seem that he had heard more of his daughter as Madame Louis Dupre, than I would ever have supposed it possible for him to do. His reception of me was positively charming."

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"That is my own affair," he said.

"A point which it could avail you nothing to know. I told him that I was very poor, and had known some privations in my youth, and he was content to look farther back than Colonel Heynard Dupre, of whose valor all were ready to speak."

"You should have worn widows' weeds for so gallant a man longer than six months. It was there that you surprised us all. In your rather pompous papa-in-law apprised of that?"

"Oh, yes," answered Graham, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But the incomprehensible thing to me is that you knew the whole history of this Danvers family before you had met one of them, and that your husband is, even to this day, so ignorant of yours."

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"Not a great while, sir, though we saw a good deal of each other recently."

"You knew her first husband?"

"Intimately."

"It was not a part of Mr. Danvers' role as host to put question after question in this style, but he saw that the fellow was on his guard."

"He was a colonel of the French Chasseurs?"

"Yes."

"Colonel Heynard Dupre?"

"Colonel Heynard Dupre."

Mr. Danvers looked with cold and haughty scrutiny into the face of the man at his side. The man looked back, with the calm, unsuspecting innocence of childhood.

"Ahem! You are harder than I thought."

There would be an additional sacrifice not to see you again, for you know how even the most insensible of men must admire you."

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know it, sir," replied Mr. Danvers, sternly. "How much did she offer?"

"You are unreasonable, sir; you assume a case and expect me to deal with it as a fact."

"I reason from circumstantial evidence, and this strengthens my position in the world. Now see if I have not read you aright. I am not afraid to speak before your bump of caution is abundantly developed. The woman in the next room is the daughter of Douglas Roscoe, the convict in Australia; and the widow of that Louis Dupre who—"

"Pray let me remind you," said Captain Graham, glancing around, "that you are discussing your family history to an entire stranger to you. I know—"

"I know what I have said," interrupted Mr. Danvers. "Now if you are bought off, it must be at no very considerable price, or I shall be likely to know it and interfere. It might be better worth your while to sell your information to me."

"You are very kind. Such as I have may not be of the nature you imagine, and might therefore appear valueless to you when purchased."

"Yet you have it for sale. Come," said Mr. Danvers, impatiently, "there is no need of equivocation between us. You know her whole history. I say that by your manner and hers when you were together. What it is exactly, I cannot tell at present; but I should know soon. Now hear me. If you possess any evidence that could enable me to free my son from these hateful bonds, I have the means to make you a richer man than you have ever dreamed of being."

"Your son's thraldom seems to be very pleasant to him, at least."

"Yes, I know. Samson in the hands of Delilah. Could he be shorn of his wealth, she would destroy him without mercy. I would know her by her resemblance to her mother. But you have not replied to me. I said that you would make rich."

"What would you call rich, sir, for me?"

"You had better let me ask that question, Captain Graham. How would you like a sum of fifty thousand dollars to become an honest man on?"

"So well," replied Graham, eagerly, his eyes flashing fire, "that I could get up any amount of reliable evidence, whether one iota of the facts had ever existed or not."

"Do you think I would desire to purchase false evidence?" cried Mr. Danvers, angrily. "I would only save him from the truth."

"I promise you it shall be true."

"When can I see you, then?"

"When you will. To-morrow, at twelve."

"So be it. Where?"

"We're best not here. I—"

"Name your own rendezvous, then."

"If you would condescend to come to my poor room—begin Captain Graham, falteringly."

"Put man, it is necessary for me to make you, even if I have to soil my hands. So I shall come, only tell me where."

Captain Graham drew out a card, as he had done for Miriam Danvers, and placed it in the hands of his host. Mr. Danvers looked at it as some famous or fadious physician might inspect a patient more upon some wretched outcast, and, of necessity, placed it in his pocket.

"I shall bring with me a legal friend."

"I had expected as much, sir."

"You will be prepared by that hour?"

"As well as a mouth later."

"Then I shall be there without fail. It is needless to caution you to be silent."

"Mum is the word, sir, until I make my deposition."

"Be it so. And now we part for the present. How long shall you remain here?"

"I leave in a few moments."

"Thank you. I will then return to my friends."

"What an insolent old sinner!" said Captain Graham, with a smile, as he followed him out; "and with what a royal hand does he promise his tons of thousands as other men would their half-pence. Fifty thousand! Madam, you would not expect me to resist such a bait, I know. The game grows exciting."

As these two left the wine-room, Adams slipped from the recess of a window, where she had crouched herself on their approach.

"My poor mistress," she gasped. "It is all over, and we are lost, do what we will, and she crept up to her room, faint and sick, to await the return of Mr. Danvers.

Captain Graham, glancing around the gaily lighted room before he withdrew, beheld that lady radiant in the midst of a circle of admirers, chatting with a vivacity that caused a subdued hum of applause at almost every breath.

"How clever she is," he murmured, "and how beautiful. But I am afraid your triumphs are over, my lady. You married into a house with too much money. I shall hate to set her off again, decidedly. But it would be more than human to expect me to resist the offer that has been made. So adieu, Lady Miriam. I am afraid, in spite of your beauty, I shall sleep soundly to-night."

CHAPTER VIII.

A WHEEL WHIRLS A WHILST.

Some five months before the opening of our story, a woman had been seen toiling along a rugged road towards a seaport town in old England.

The woman's clothes were soiled and worn; her shoes in tatters, and her general appearance wretched in the extreme. Her nerves, black eyes gleamed out from her tawny face, like the lamps of a stagecoach on a moonless and starless night. There was but little life in the dead, sallow complexion, bronzed to the color of a quadroon by reckless exposure to sun and storm, and her straight black hair hung in disordered, gipsy fashion, about her shoulders.

Something in the flash of her eyes—in the purple blackness of her hair, her olive skin and quick, nervous movements, in spite of the fatigue that she had evidently undergone, would have led one at once to the correct conclusion that she was of foreign birth, though she spoke the English language with voluminous ease.

For goods and chattels the woman had a small bundle, tied in a large cotton handkerchief, upon her arm, and a small poodle dog at her heels.

The dog whined pitifully from time to time and pulled at the woman's skirts, with that pleading expression in his eyes, the nameless longing for a word or a caress—a look "peculiar to dogs and to women," as some ill-natured male carica-

turist has described it. Indeed, the little animal seemed more overcome, if possible, from the wretchedness than from the cold, and finally crouched upon the roadside before her, as though prodding his inability to proceed one step further.

"What! Poco!" cried the woman, sharply, "giving out, already? You have an spirit, Poco, more now. I am afraid of you; but I'll not leave you behind, casting you off to die, for I am a woman, and my wishes or my strength keep me ahead of you. No; let them never affect you, a woman can never grow in difference to the objects she has once loved—as men do. They may—"

Long from half to late,

Relatives of the number air
or from fair to dark, as the chances may be, and to me no wonder how they ever could have been so foolish over that other, if they are reminded of her at all. But women, fools, fools that they are, can never forget. They remember always, but, thank God, it is not always to love. Sometimes they learn to hate, and then, oh, undying passion, indeed, they live for revenge. Think of it, Poco, for revenge!"

She gathered the dog up in her arms, patted it with her small, dark hand, and laughed a low, bitter laugh. Then she moved on in silence, never giving way to aching limbs or panting breath.

The clouds had been darkening for hours, and now the lowering nebula began to droop about her, almost like a mantle. Huge flashes of snow arabs quaked the whilom unbroken steel hue of sky and earth, until a white pall, that looked to her eyes oddly like a winding sheet, lay over the bleak landscape.

"Caspar Lennox," shrieked the woman. "Ah! now I know that the spirits of another world are about me. The Caspar Lennox that I knew died years ago—of them, I think, though to me it seems a century—died despairing and broken-hearted that Lennox Danvers preferred the wealthy and aristocratic Arnold Leslie to himself, the poor and unhonored lover, who had first won the promise of her hand. And it was—I did help me—that aided in urging her to the course she took, fancying, fool that I was, that it was she who was enticing Louis Dupre from me."

"Then you are Nina DaCosta, the schoolmistress of the woman I loved," said the man, sternly, "and likewise the spirits of another world are about me. The Caspar Lennox that I knew died years ago—of them, I think, though to me it seems a century—died despairing and broken-hearted that Lennox Danvers preferred the wealthy and aristocratic Arnold Leslie to himself, the poor and unhonored lover, who had first won the promise of her hand. And it was—I did help me—that aided in urging her to the course she took, fancying, fool that I was, that it was she who was enticing Louis Dupre from me."

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painting," she continues, coldly. "I shall do very well alone."

"Shall I find you here when I come back?" Malcolm asks, accepting with ready acquiescence his release.

"I think not," she answers, steadily. "I will not trouble you to return for me."

She reaches out her hand to him, and something sparkles in it; something gives back flash and sparkle and dancing gleams of the red, radiant sunlight. Malcolm bends towards it as she proffers it to him, and sees that it is her engagement ring—the ring which he himself put upon her finger with a thousand happy kisses only one sweet summer month ago.

"Will you take it?" she said, looking into his bewildered face.

"What—what do you mean?" he stammers, a terrible, cold pang of fear stabbing him through and through.

"I have no further use for it," answers Mallicent, still calmly, though her face is deadly white. "You may take it back now, if you please, and we will say farewell."

Mechanically he takes it; he holds it aloof from him; looks at it; looks at her. His lips move twice and thrice before he can frame the words he tries to speak.

"I don't understand you," he says, at last. "Why have you done this, Mallicent? Mallicent, dear, what has come between us that you give this back to me? What have I done?"

The pent-up passion in her heart takes flame at this. She stamps her foot, and an angry fire burns up the ready tears in her wide, dark eyes.

"What have you done? Oh! you ask me that? You heap neglect, and slight, and injury upon me, and then ask me what you have done. What have you given me in return for my idolations for you? You put your paintings before me; you put your work, your ambition, the world, Miss Honeymoon's golden hair—everything, before me. I am least and last of all things in your mind."

She stops, suffocated with emotion. He, too, is very pale, but he has mastered the situation, and his voice is even though very low, as she answers her:

"Mallicent, I don't think you are quite just to me. I am proud of my art, as who would not be, but it has never had the place in my life which you have held since I met you. I suppose it is a mournful truth that man never gives back, measure for measure, a woman's love. Heaven knows how fond I was of you—"

Mallicent's scornful lips stop him. "Fond of her?" Poor Mallicent has not lived long enough to learn that the phrase "I love you," which trips so glibly from a woman's lips, is seldom heard from a man. He will show his passion for a woman in a hundred ways, as he can; he will give her caresses, presents, position in the world; whatever gifts he has to give he will be prodigal of to her, but, let woman note it, the simple avowal "I love you," seems alien to his lips. He seldom says it, except in novels!

"You were fond of me," she repeats, scornfully. "Fond of me, that was all, while I loved you. I loved you, loved you!" She wrings her hands together, and then stops suddenly.

"It does not matter now. It is all over. Good-bye!" She turns sharply away, but Malcolm puts out a hand and detains her.

"Wait!" he cries, and the ring in his voice constrains her to obey. "Mallicent, for God's sake do not wreck both of our lives for a vain caprice. Are you in earnest, or is it only a coquettish trick to torment me, and then to try your power and lure me back again. I suppose the smooth course of daily love gets to be dull, after while," he goes on, unhappily, not knowing when to stop, "and a lover's quarrel would contribute a little excitement. If it is so don't go any farther, Mallicent; don't try my patience any longer!"

"Stop!" she cries, turning to him in the white heat of passion. "Do not say any more. Be sure I am in earnest, and I shall never test my power in the effort to have you back again. You are free! Leave me, leave me!"

Malcolm drops her hand with a sigh of bitter disappointment.

"So be it!" His voice is, for a moment, as cool and constrained as hers. "You have worn me like a glove, and now you cast me off without compunction. They warned me it would be so; those who have suffered before me, warned me against your lovely face, your sweet, alluring eyes, against the witchery of your fond, womanly ways. But I would not believe them. I am glad I did not; even now I am glad! For one month I have been happy; one short, sweet summer month! Perhaps that is as much as a reasonable man should ask for in a lifetime."

All the passionate fire which burns under his cold exterior has come to the surface. She has doubted his love—she cannot doubt it now, not that the aspernion of it comes too late. He catches her to his heart, kisses with mad, fond kisses, her white face, her happy mouth, her soft, curled, drooping hair. And so kissing her, he cries out his farewell, and flings her from him, and leaves her.

I have often wondered if two lovers, after they have quarreled and "made up," love each other as tenderly and entirely as before. I do not know how it is. I have been told that they do, but I doubt it. It seems to me that where there has been a wound there must be a scar; when a great fire lays a garden waste, it is many years before it gets back its primitive beauty and greenness.

After Mallicent's lover leaves her, she goes about the house for many days pale and quiet, and with a mysterious shadow in her lovely eyes. Malcolm Standard has gone, no one knows whither; but by and by, in the morning papers they read his name in the Persia's list of passengers for Europe. After that, Mallicent keeps her room for a week. When she comes out again, her friends cry out that she is greatly changed. The young people say that she has lost life and gaiety; Lucy, complain about her, but the old people say she is smarter, more lovely.

So the summer slips away, and everybody has gone back to the city, except Mallicent. She says that she loves the country in autumn, and she stays on and on; she goes over the happy paths where she and Malcolm walked together. Ah! how she misses him! She calls his name! Oh, pitying God! the agony of trying out for a love that is lost and will never come back again.

Sometimes she kneels by the sea, and putting her sweet face to the rocks by the waves, whispers of Malcolm, "Oh, seal whether have you borne him? Tell

him that I love him! love him! love him! Tell him that I am always thinking of him—always, night and day!"

And the sea flows on coldly away from her. It is so vast, so cold; it has the commerce of two worlds to bear from shore to shore, and what to it is the sorrow of our weak, love-weighted girl's heart?

At last she gets so weak, she so far forgets womanly pride, that she begins to cast about in her mind if there be any way by which she can reach him, and make known to him her sorrow and remorse.

"If I only knew where a letter could find him I would write to him," she cries. "I would confess all my folly; I would take him back again.

She is standing at the foot of the old garden path, leaning on the old stone wall, looking seaward, as she says this; and though she is all alone, though no one hears her piteous confession, and make known to him her sorrow and remorse.

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THE GIFT OF READINESS.

Of all the intellectual gifts bestowed on man, the most intoxicating is readiness—the power of calling all the resources of the mind into simultaneous action at a moment's notice. Nothing strikes the unready as so miraculous as this promptitude in others, nothing impresses him with so dull and envious a sense of contrast in his own person. The want of readiness is to be laid on the shelf, to creep where others fly, to fall into permanent discouragement. To be ready is to have the mind's intellectual property put out at fifty or a hundred per cent., to be unready at the moment of trial is to be dimly conscious of faults tied up somewhere in a napkin. What an engine we are speaking of—"the commerce of mankind"!—a memory ready with its stores at the first question, words that come at your call, thoughts that follow in unbroken sequence, reason quick at report! The thoughts we may feel not above our level, the words we could arrange in an harmonious order, the memory, only give it time, does not fail us, the repartee is all the occasion called for, if only it had not suggested itself too late, thus changing its nature from a triumph into a regret. It is such comparisons, the painful recollection of pain and disaster, the speech that would not be spoken, the reply that dissolved into incoherence, the action that belied our intention, or, it may be, experience in a humbler field, that gives to readiness such a charm and value. The ready man does seem such a clever fellow. The poet's readiness does not avail him for such practical uses, and does not contribute to his fame or success at all in the same degree. It is the result—the thought, the wit, the sense—not the speed of performance, which determines the worth of his efforts. But we delight in an extempore effusion because of the prestige of readiness called into play in busy life; at least, this adds to the pleasure.

The poet's best verses are the greatest, least imitable wonder about him; but we are apt to be most surprised when he shows his powers under immediate command, and good lines struck off at a heat, do give us a vivid insight into the vivacity and energy of the poetical temperament, prompt in its action, ready at a call, and gayly willing to display its mechanical facilities. There is a specimen of Dryden's fluency in extempore verse, communicated and authenticated by Malone, which shows that foresight and composite action which a strong imagination seems to possess, uttering what it has prepared, and composing what is to follow, at one and the same time—a habit or faculty observed in Sir Walter Scott by his amanuenses. This double action must belong to all rapid complex expression, but the difficulty is enhanced and the heat magnified in proportion when rhythm and rhyme are added to the other requirements.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

One of our lady writers says: "You can have everything on earth you want when you don't need anything."

Like many another disappointed soul, she had probably learned this fact from sad experience. When we are prosperous, how friends swarm around us, like bees round a honey-laden flower. How we are flattered, petted and caressed—we can have everything on earth we want—by paying for it. How "all the sheaves bow down to our sheaf." How pleasant to know we have such friends should misfortune ever take us, should a dark cloud dim the brightness of our heaven. How they would gather around us, each striving to do the other in consulting, in helping us to regain our footing.

There's a rumble in the distance, a cloud gathering, darker and darker, a crash, and our brilliant sky is black as midnight. We grope blindly, we look vainly for one ray of light in the darkness. Where are the friends of yesterday—those whom we have succeeded in their day of need?" Echo answers—where? In their stead we receive a few notes of condolence, a few formal calls, the stereotyped remark: "If there is anything we can do for you, let us know."

Perhaps some little favor asked of an old friend is met with a grave face and demurring voice, which sends us flying home with a bitterness in our hearts too deep for words or tears. Truly we can have everything on earth we want when we don't need anything—and when we do, Heaven help us!"

AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER.—It is in vain that ladders are reared for people without strength of purpose. They cannot mount. A boatman can drive a lazy sailor up the rigging of a ship to the minister; but it is next to impossible to induce an irresolute man to make his way upward from the common level. If fate has placed him at the foot of the ladder, there in all probability he will grovel till he dies.

A DEAR ONE FAR AWAY!

BY LAWRENCE GRAY.

Distance when in those silent halls, the two Within my solitary room, I sit and muse alone; And as the curtains of the West close round the dying day.

Memories return of other days, and hopes long passed away.

And then how sadly in my heart those sides Within my memory stand, The man—my dearest delight that to bright youth belong Before the bloom of the rose of life had left away, And was happy in the love of a dear one, far away.

I see the old familiar scenes—the joyous hours when we were young, The man—my dearest delight that to bright youth belong Before the bloom of the rose of life had left away, And was happy in the love of a dear one, far away.

Within the mirror of the mind, successive risings to view, And, though like unsubstantial dreams, they vanish in the day, But pictures hold the form of one, who now is far away.

What then I muse on vanished joys, and look through the years of pain, My sight is blinded, for my eyes are brimming full of tears.

The earth was bright before me then, and life was full of joy, And his true path was mine, who now is far away.

Thanks be to Heaven for that high power, which time cannot destroy,

A power that fills the saddened soul with images of joy.

Sights with clear and brilliant light, imagine the days.

Bring to me again the one I loved in other days.

KATRINA.

BY MAURICE E. ROAN.

Miss Covington and Giles Eastlake became acquainted and grew friendly under the roof of Mrs. Smyth's fashionable boarding house in Arch street. Miss Covington was rich, independent and a belle—somewhat *passé*, connoisseurs said, but nobody could deny her the possession in perfection of that quality which is vulgarly called "style."

Giles Eastlake was a bookkeeper, with a fair salary, every cent of which slipped through his fingers almost as regularly as he received it. He was not dissipated, neither was he in a "fast" set, but he was thoughtlessly extravagant. He dressed well, his tastes were aesthetic, and the opera, gloves, fine cigars, and an occasional picture, left nothing of his salary at the end of the year.

Eastlake was handsome, intellectual and honest, and Miss Covington, who had refused her dozen offers, and who by this time knew something of men, resolved that if she could bring him to ask the question she would not say no.

Eastlake was not blind, and the prospect of becoming the husband of the heiress was very tempting. His soul shrank from a mercenary marriage, but for all that he was determined to make one.

It was the 30th of September—Miss Covington's birthday. To do her justice, the heiress made no secret of her age, which was twenty-six. An amateur concert and a hop were to signalize the anniversary, and Mrs. Smyth's establishment was in a state of confused preparation.

"To-night I will ask her," thought Giles Eastlake, as he walked home from the office early in the afternoon. "She's a fine girl, and she rather likes me, I think. Pshaw! I'm not Don Quixote. Who can be happy without money?" The "she" referred to was Miss Covington.

A strain of purest melody flushed his thoughts and made him look up. It seemed to come from the second story of one of the dingy, semi-gentled rows of houses he was passing. It was a sweet, young voice, evidently highly cultivated, neither soprano nor contralto in quality, but a wonderful compound of the purity of one and the richness of the other. The song of the singer was *Eri-kongi*."

Eastlake held his breath to listen, and crossed the street to get a better view of the window from the opposite side. He saw a girl's tender, serene face, crowned with golden hair, bending over the neck which flew as she sang.

When the song ceased, Eastlake observed that the house bore the sign, "Gottlieb Novais, Teacher of Music."

The face and the voice haunted him, and did not depart even when Miss Covington met him in the hall and held up her pretty hands, with their tinkling bracelets, in simulated despair.

"Oh! Mr. Eastlake, I am *désolée*, as the French say. I cannot be comforted. Mrs. Arnold is sick, and can't come to-night, and so we'll have to do without those delightful German and Italian ballads. How we're going to fill the programme! I can't tell. It's too provoking."

When Miss Covington had repeated this speech twice Eastlake understood her.

"And so you want a singer?"

"Alas! yes; a singer of ballads."

"You shall have one," he said, eagerly.

Miss Covington never wishes in vain. Trust me." And he bowed himself out.

The heiress smiled. "He will make a model husband," she thought, self-satisfied.

In a few minutes' time Eastlake was knocking at the door of the girl he had seen at the window. He was somewhat taken aback. After a pause, he stammered.

"My father is in," the girl answered, with a quaint German accent. "He is sick. Come in. I will take your message."

Eastlake entered the room. It was neat, but signs of poverty were everywhere. "I want a singer," he began, with more confidence, "a singer for a concert to-night. Perhaps your father can tell you of one." I will pay well."

A thoughtful look came into the girl's eyes, as he spoke. "I want one who can sing German ballads." Her face lighted up. "I will tell my father," she said, leaving the room.

The sound of a colloquy reached East-

lake. "I will not have it, Katrina!" he heard a cracked voice say, impatiently. "You must not sing in public, even if there be not a crust of bread in the house."

Then Katrina's tones were heard soothingly. The old man gave a groan of enforced resignation, and Katrina entered.

"Katrina Novais will sing at your concert, Mein Herr, if you will give the address, and the songs—"

Katrina looked at him for an instant doubtfully, and then took his card with the penciled direction.

"I will be there in time," she said, opening the door for him.

After the vocal contortions of the amateur operatic singers at Miss Covington's concert, Katrina's singing came like a rivel of crystal water in the track of a cascade of fizzing champagne. Eastlake's heart beat quickly with pleasure as the little figure in gray timidly acknowledged the second recall.

When the concert was over, Eastlake searched for her. Her gray dress, with a simple knot of scarlet at the throat, would have plainly distinguished her among the gorgeous throng. He could not find her. She had gone home, rejoicing that the ordeal was past. There was consolation for him, however: to-morrow he would call and pay the reward of her service.

The next day he called, and saw both father and daughter. Gottlieb Novais, the old music master, lay helpless, stricken with paralysis. Katrina supported him and herself by her needle.

They were very poor, a stranger in a strange land, old Gottlieb was glad to have a friendly voice, and Eastlake's visits, after the ice was broken, were gladly welcomed by the old man. After a time, Katrina, too, began to enjoy her brother's gaze.

"Do I look well to-night, Rodney?" Do you think I shall be queen of the ball-room?"

And as she spoke she turned back to fasten in her hair an arrow thickly studded with pearls.

"You are very beautiful, and you know it, Isabel. I cannot think there will be many fairer faces there to-night."

"I wish you would go with me just this once, Rodney. It is the last night of the season, and—really, Rodney, you might be glad to share in my triumph."

"Do not ask me!" he said, bitterly, his face darkening as he spoke.

"You know as well as I know, Isabel, that it was some one of that fashionable throng whom you will meet to-night, who drove my darling away from me—to death, perhaps?" Do you think, knowing that, that I could go and smile and jest the idle hours away? No, no! I am willing you should go, Isabel, but do not ask me again!"

"You are full of such strange fancies, Rodney. How can you know that any one drove Elsie Penoyer to hide herself in obscurity so deep that you have never been able to discover the least trace of her from that day to this?"

"What else can I suppose?" he asked, in a sorrowful tone.

"She may have discovered at the eleventh hour that she loved some one else better than she loved you. Such women are apt to be fickle."

"Never say that again, Isabel. My darling was as pure and as proud as you are, and it must have been a lie that drove her from me."

Isabel Deane shrugged her fair shoulders as she listened, though a careful observer would have detected an unwilling pallor on the fair cheek.

"Granting that all you say is true, Rodney, why should you mourn for her forever? You have refused to be comforted these three years, and you would scarcely have mourned longer than that had Elsie Penoyer been your wife. Will you never be your old self again, Rodney? Ah, if you would only go and see St. John!"

But without a word of reply, Rodney Deane left the room, and after ordering his sister's carriage, he walked rapidly down the street.

He had lost his darling in St. Louis, but even here in New York, he was constantly looking for her—hoping against hope that he might find her again.

Suddenly he paused before a printed bill of a concert to be given that night at Hall; and hardly knowing why he did it, purchased his ticket and passed in with the crowd.

His seat was close to the stage, and he leaned back to listen to the exquisite violin solo which was the first thing on the programme.

Some one near him was saying, in a low tone: "That lovely young creature who is to sing again to-night is singing herself into a grave. She ought to be perfectly quiet for six months, and have the tenderest care."

"But she probably has her living to make, and cannot afford to rest."

Rodney turned to look at the first speaker, and was only recalled to the knowledge of the place and surroundings by a burst of song sweeter than the song of many birds.

For a moment he held his breath to listen; then after one glance at the singer, a glance in which each recognized the other, he sprang to his feet to go to her. For it was Elsie Penoyer—his Elsie whom he had mourned so long.

But as he left his seat, the sweet voice faltered, rose again, fell, and then with no other warning she fell to the floor, crushing the white and red roses that had been showered at her feet.

Rodney looked around him in despair for a familiar face, and then stepped forward to where the lady sat who had been speaking of Elsie before she came out.

"Handing her his card, he said hastily: "Will you go with me, madam? She must have some woman near her."

She glanced at his card—the name was enough—and rising silently, took his arm and left the room.

They found her in the room to which she had been carried, lying pale and broken. In his on the couch. A few words satisfied her friends, and she was removed to a carriage and driven rapidly to her new friend's house.

For it would not do to take her to the hotel; it would kill her at once. Be side I have a sort of claim, for I loved her when I first saw her, and would have given her a home if she would have left the stage."

"You are very kind," he said; and he said nothing more until they reached the house. Then he leaned toward Bertha Cameron, and said:

"Will you send for a clergyman?"

She looked up, frightened, for she thought it was death he was preparing for; but she smiled as he replied to her mute question:

"She will not die, madam, but she may be very ill, and I want to care for her."

She understood it all then, and by the time Elsie Penoyer had been carried in and laid on a couch in Mrs. Cameron's own sitting-room, the clergyman for whom she had sent was there, waiting to perform the marriage ceremony.

Mrs. Cameron was an old friend, and when she made the request he did not hesitate.

It was Bertha Cameron, too, who listened to her sad story that night, and who repeated it word for word to her husband.

"And it was Isabel, then, who drove my darling away, who told her I was to be married to Miss St. John?" And Rodney Deane buried his face in his hands and shivered with uncontrollable emotion.

"Isabel and Miss St. John together."

"Your sister was determined—that you should not marry a poor singer, and Miss St. John was quite as determined that you should some time marry her."

RETRIBUTION.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Isabel Deane was dressing for a grand ball that night—the last of the season, and her brother stood watching her in the glass.

Her dress was of turquoise satin, and pearl necklace were scarcely softer or whiter than the beautiful neck which they encircled, and with that brilliant splendor shining in her blue eyes, and that lovely blush on her fair cheek, she might surely win any man's admiration.

She seemed to realize suddenly that she was not alone, and turned to meet her brother's gaze.

"Do I look well to-night, Rodney?" Do you think I shall be queen of the ball-room?"

And as she spoke she turned back to fasten in her hair an arrow thickly studded with pearls.

"You are very beautiful, and you know it, Isabel. I cannot think there will be many fairer faces there to-night."

"I wish you would go with me just this once, Rodney. It is the last night of the season, and—really, Rodney, you might be glad to share in my triumph."

"Do not ask me!" he said, bitterly, his face darkening as he

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



A FAIRY STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BY MYRTLE BLOSM.

Once upon a time there was a little boy, who, reading fairy-tales at twilight, was so delighted with the wonders thereof, that he cried out, "I do wish I lived in the times when there were fairies."

And he thought so much about it that he grew quite unhappy, and did nothing but wish that he could see the fairy.

One night, as for the hundred and fiftieth time he was saying something of the sort, he met his cousin Oliver; and feeling very cross, they presently got into a quarrel. "I went his little fist, and he dealt Oliver a tremendous whack on the ear—that is, he intended to do so, for instead he gave himself such a box that his ears rang again.

"You might as well give over," said Oliver, laughing with all his might. "My fairy godmother has promised me that, for the next year, whoever tries to strike me shall hurt themselves."

But at that our little boy was so enraged that he rushed at Oliver with all his force. Oliver stepped on one side, and down went our boy, flat, taking the skin off his knees, and making his nose bleed, while his cousin ran away, shouting at the fun. Bob—for that was our little friend's name—lay on the ground a long while, he was so stunned and bruised; and when at last he managed to limp off, it was very nearly night. Of course, he walked slowly enough; but at last he came to the great forest, on the other side of which stood his father's house.

It was very dark in there, under the great trees, whose branches touched each other, and were so thick with leaves that the little there was left of daylight could not find its way through them; but Bob heard on all sides a great patterning of feet and chattering of tongues; and looking closer, he saw that the forest was full of ugly little creatures about a foot high, with humped backs, green eyes, and hideous snarling faces. They were constantly coming up through the earth and going down again; and looking after them, Bob saw millions of them come down, down so deep, that he could hardly guess how far it might be; and, worse than that, many little children like himself—who appeared to be slaves among them. These poor children were continually piling up heaps of gold and silver, and washing out diamonds from lumps of earth; and though they worked with wonderful swiftness, the ugly goblins who watched them, whip in hand, were continually lashing them, and crying out, "Will you be quick now? Will you hasten?" Do you suppose we keep you here and feed you to have you go to sleep over our work?" and then they would beat them again.

While Bob looked at these poor little unfortunate, he heard one of the goblins saying:

"Brothers, look! Here is another of these wretched creatures that they call boys. Let us make him a slave also, to teach him better than to come in the twilight into our forest."

"Yes, yes," cried all the others. "Let us seize him; let us cling about his legs; let us pound him, pull his hair, bite him, scratch him, till he can help himself no longer, and then we will take him down."

And with that they all came swarming towards him; but on hearing of these kind intentions, Bob started at once to run, and having a reasonably good pair of legs, made such excellent use of them that the dwarfs were presently far behind and he safe out of their clutches, at the expense only of a few scratches and kicks, which they had managed to bestow on him. He was so frightened, however, that he continued to run with all his might, till he ran headlong into a great tangle of yarn, when, looking to see what this might mean, he spied an old woman sitting at her spinning-wheel. She was so ugly that he was obliged to shut his eyes after looking at her, and being in such a passion, made her none the more beautiful.

"You miserable, nasty little creature," she cried; "you have tangled my yarn again, just as I had got it straight. Never mind, I'll have you for supper to-night."

So she took him down to her cellar, and tied him on a hook by one of his curls, and all around the cellar was a row of hooks, and boys and girls hanging thereon, and one cried, "Oh dear! oh dear! I am to be done in a friezease," and another, "Oh! good gracious, I am to be boiled," and so on, till Bob was stiff with fright; but it happened that the hook on which he hung was not firm in the wall, and he being a very stout boy, down he came on the floor with a thump.

The very moment that he got on his legs, away he ran out at the door; and as the witch happened to be doing in her chair, he slipped past her without being seen. Running, however, with all his might to get quite out of her way, he bounded headlong into a trap, which caught him by the leg, and then he was obliged to remain all night. In the morning came a giant to look after his traps; and finding Bob, he took him home to his children.

"Here," he said, "is something for you to play with. Get him something to eat and drink, and then you can put him in the cage that you had for the other little boy that died."

You may imagine that Bob had not much appetite for dinner after that; and after trying in vain to make him eat, the young giants and giantesses brought out a cage, for all the world like our bird-cages, only larger, and putting Bob in it, set him out on the steps. But when they were all gone to supper, Bob managed to cut through one of the bars of his cage with the knife that he always carried in his pocket, and slipping out, made good his escape.

He was now almost home; but he had yet to cross a brook. He pulled off his shoes and stockings, and putting them in his pocket, started to wade across; but as his ill-fortune would have it, the brook-goblins spied him, and one putting up a slimy hand, caught at his ankles, and another slipped a stone from under his foot, and down he fell into the water, that sooused him over his ears, laughing at him the while. He was now in a very pitiful plight, and hardly able to make

his way home, which he did with much trouble. On getting there, his first thought was, of course, to warn himself; and bursting up to the fire, he had very nearly stepped on a heart-fairy, about as large as a match, that was sitting by it.

"Stupid thing!" she said, in a rage. "I have a mind to turn you into a cat, to teach you to go about quietly."

At that Bob began to cry. "Oh dear! I wish I was back in the times when there were no fairies, and I wasn't continually stepping on goblins' toes and getting into traps."

"Very good," said the fairy: "go back, then," and in an instant there he was nodding over his book in the twilight, and he has never seen a fairy or a giant since.

LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

BY F. A. DUNBAR.

The Squire gave Widow Nancy and her two daughters a peck of his round, red apples. Smooth-cheeked, splendid apples they were; and, sitting about the fire, the widow divided them equally, and they promised themselves a feast. Just then came a knock at the door.

"Do you go, Lucy," said Rhoda, the eldest. "If I stir, I shall spill all these apples out of my lap. I wonder what people always come for when you don't want them."

Lucy put her apples out of her lap on the table, and opened the door. There was a tiny old woman, very withered, in a brown cloak and hood.

"Rest and save you," said the old woman. "Let a poor creature in that is almost frozen to death."

Lucy opened the door wide, and the old woman hobbled in and sat down in Lucy's chair, warming her hands by the fire. And seeing Lucy's apples on the table, "That is just what I want," said she. "I have not tasted an apple this year." And, pulling the table towards her, she began to eat.

"What impudence!" said Widow Nancy and Rhoda.

"Hush!" said Lucy. "She is almost starved. She can have them."

Just then came a second knock.

"Oh," said the old woman, "it must be one of my little family. The poor children are almost starved."

Lucy hurried to open the door, and, without a word, darted in another little old woman, but very much smaller than the first.

"Come here, child," said the first old woman. "Here is a fire, and some nice red apples."

So there sat the two by the fire, munching and crunching at Lucy's apples.

"It is not very pleasant," said Lucy to herself; "but they looked nearly starved, and I can spare them the apples."

At that moment she heard a third knock. The old woman said precisely the same thing as before; and almost before Lucy could get the door fairly open, jumped in a third little old woman still smaller than the other two.

"Come here, mother's darling baby," said the first old woman, taking the new comer in her lap. So there they all sat, one little old woman holding another tiny little old woman, and a second one beside her, eating at Lucy's nice red apples, till there was not one left. As soon as the apples were gone, they all got up, and marched out, without a word, leaving poor Lucy staring.

"Now," said he, with his tigerish smile, looking down in her face, "you are a Mahratta woman, following your husband to camp. Your head is covered so that the color of your hair cannot be seen; but hold, your skin is too white."

The girl could not forbear a smile, as the man coolly drew a small phial from beneath his coat, and moistening his finger with its contents, carefully passed it over her features, gently rubbing the forehead, nose, cheeks, chin, and telling her to hold her eyes closed for several minutes while he stained the lids. When this was completed he did the same with her hands; and although the young lady had no mirror, by which to contemplate her appearance, she had no doubt that her complexion was of the legitimate native swarthiness, and that it would require more than a superficial glance to detect the counterfeit.

"Now," said he, with his tigerish smile, looking down in her face, "you are too silly."

"She will not need your apples," said the first old woman, who had come back after her staff, "or be sorry for her kindness of heart. After this, whenever she combs her hair, she will comb sunbeams from it."

"Likely enough," said Widow Nancy. "And even if it does happen, I can't see what good it will do her."

The next morning, however, as she began to comb and brush her long hair, it was full of light; and, as she brushed, all the room and the cottage was full of the warm, lovely light.

"I should not like to be different from other people," said Rhoda. "If I were you, I should be ashamed to brush my hair before people."

Lucy, however, loved the little sunbeams; and every morning she used to say, as she sat brushing her hair, "Are you there, little sunbeams? Are you there, dear sunbeams?"

Lucy was very kind-hearted, and she used to go to the dark, stifling rooms of the poor and sick people, and burst out her hair, and fill their houses with sunlight; and so many flowers, and breezes, and houses, and people came to know and love her, that at last they heard about her at court.

So, one day, there came riding up a messenger from the king.

"Is there a girl here who brushes sunbeams out of her hair?" asked the messenger.

"What is that?"

"To keep from speaking."

Lucy had some sense of the humor, for he actually laughed, at his own witicism. It was a hearty silent laugh that revealed his gleaming white teeth.

"You must carry your head bowed, when passing near others, and they will think you have a great sorrow, and will not be apt to speak to you; but if they do, act as though you heard them not."

"I will show you how easy such a task will be for me."

"Then we will go."

He turned abruptly upon his heel, and passed to the outside. Lucy following close after him with a feeling of fear yet not unmixed with physical enjoyment, after remaining in the cramped position enforced by her stay in the cabin.

They had scarcely reached the high-way when two men stopped Dowlah and addressed him. He replied in his own tongue, and after a few questions and answers, and a glance at the woman, who never once raised her eyes from the ground, they passed on.

"You did well," said her guide, in a low voice, after they had advanced a little further: "do the same till told differently, and all will come as I promised you."

The night, like the previous one, was illuminated by a full moon, and Cora, by using her eyes with judgment, was enabled to see a great deal more than would have been supposed. They had gone but a short distance when she saw they were in the immediate vicinity of Cawnpore. Instead of entering the town, however,

THE OLD LETTER.

BY BELLE BREWER.

'Tis only a mushy letter,
Worn and yellow with age,
But the years like a scroll roll backward,
As I gaze on its well worn page.

And it is a poor dead letter,
Its beauty long since fled;
Only a withered rosebed,
Faded, motionless and dead.

Only a bit of paper,
Yet I see, through blinding tears,
In its mosity holds a phantom,
The ghost of vanished tears.

Down through the sounding chambers
It waves a shadowy幔,
And I may not choose but follow
To memory's silent land.

And on through the solemn arches,
Thick with the dust of years,
I follow the ghostly haunts,
Through blither, blinding tears.

To memory's charnel chambers,
Where the ghosts of the past lie hid—
Ghosts that are ever restless—
Under a coffin lid.

Here are dear dead hopes and pleasures,
That perished as with a bright,
Here are phantoms, dark and ghostly,
Hid away from sight.

They are coming now around me,
With slow and solemn tread,
The ghosts of the years departed,
My forgotten dead.

DOWLAH,
THE SNAKE-CHARMER.OR,
THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR.

A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHNIA E. CHARNOCK.

[This serial was commenced in No. 6, Vol. 64. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

It was scarcely dark when the Snake-Charmer made his appearance. He came stealthily that Cora neither saw nor heard him, until he placed his foot upon the ladder, and shortly after thrust his head through the opening. She saw that he carried something in his hands, but could not make out precisely what it was.

"Follow me," he said, in his sententious way, "the time has come."

Reaching the lower floor, Dowlah paused and took from the bundle a large faded yellow turban, which he proceeded to bind dexterously and ingeniously around the head of Cora. Then he shook out a thin, light-colored cloak, which he secured, after a peculiar fashion, over her shoulders.

"Now," said he, with his tigerish smile, looking down in her face, "you are a Mahratta woman, following your husband to camp. Your head is covered so that the color of your hair cannot be seen; but hold, your skin is too white."

The girl could not forbear a smile, as the man coolly drew a small phial from beneath his coat, and moistening his finger with its contents, carefully passed it over her features, gently rubbing the forehead, nose, cheeks, chin, and telling her to hold her eyes closed for several minutes while he stained the lids. When this was completed he did the same with her hands; and although the young lady had no mirror, by which to contemplate her appearance, she had no doubt that her complexion was of the legitimate native swarthiness, and that it would require more than a superficial glance to detect the counterfeit.

During this process there was no appearance of sentimentality about the Sepoy. He went about it as a mere matter of business, acting in the presence of the beautiful Cora as if he were dealing with some embrowned soldier who was destined to no deference or delicacy at his hands.

Comprehending that he was taking all these precautions and assuming all this risk not for her sake, but for that of Captain Livingston's, the subject did not burst forth into any exuberant expressions of gratitude, but with her womanly frankness, turned him accordingly.

"You are now within the entrenchments of Cawnpore!"

they made a circuit around the lower end. The native soldiers seemed to be everywhere, and they were stopped at least a dozen times before they came to the Ganges; but the Snake-Charmer proved that he certainly possessed special privileges in the army of Nana Sahib.

In every case he gave what was undoubtedly the countersign, and when the presence of his companion caused further questioning, he produced some document that never failed to secure them unmolested passage to whatever point they desired to go.

Upon the banks of the broad, rapidly-flowing Ganges, a few minutes were spent in finding a waterman, whose lusty arms impelled them to the other side. Here they found themselves among the hordes of Sepoys, numbering several thousands, who had surrounded the little band of Europeans, so bravely fighting for their lives behind the entrenchments.

The heart of Cora failed when she found herself in this terrible position, and she could not believe that her guide had the power to conduct her through such an array of dark, treacherous fiends; but Dowlah showed that he understood the position thoroughly. He had approached at a point where the number of Sepoys were less than at any other, and here he played his part with a coolness and self-possession that insured success. The fact was the piece of paper that he carried with him bore the signature of Nana Sahib himself, instructing all to pass him without question through the lines. This was enough, but as there was no reference to a female companion, there were some officers who showed a disposition to question the safe conduct of two persons, under the pass of one; but the address of the Snake-Charmer rose to the occasion, and in less than two hours from the time he left the Ganges, his charge was within a hundred yards of the English entrenchments.

The action of Dowlah at this point indicated that he was expected, not only by the sentinels of the Sepoys, but by those of General Wheeler, and it would have been hard for an intelligent person watching his movements to explain them all.

With an assumption of dignity and importance that would have become Nana Sahib himself, he strode along, keeping the silent and bowed head close to him, and warning her once or twice to permit, under no consideration, a sally to escape her. Now and then, when her neck ached from the restraint, she ventured to raise her head somewhat and to glance hastily around. At such times she saw men everywhere—dark, swarthy faces—in every imaginable position, sleeping, quarreling, smoking, chatting, walking about. Here and there were tents, occupied mainly by the officers; at other places cannon were obtained in position, with their gaping mouths pointing towards the entrenchments, and near them, upon the ground, lay the tired bullocks that were used to drag them from one place to another, contentedly chewing their cuds. Few horses visible, although the natives possessed quite a number, but occasionally the mountainous form of an elephant was to be seen. It was the hour when by general consent there was a cessation of firing, preparatory to the work of the night, so that Cora ran no risk from being struck by the balls that were most of the time flying in every direction.

It is probable that the natives supposed the female following Dowlah was a messenger from the Nana who was being conducted to the other side for the purpose of carrying some word to General Wheeler. At any rate, the two continued forward without any serious interruption for nearly an hour, crossing an open plain and climbing with some difficulty an elevation. The Snake-Charmer turned to his charge and said:

"You are now within the entrenchments of Cawnpore!"

CHAPTER XII.

"It shall come in spring's green—
In summer, temples, triumphal thrones!
Then, autumn, red thy last—
Earth to earth, dust

killed by his side, almost at the same instant."

Poor Cora sat as white as death, the words sounding in her ears like those which came to her in dreams. Husband, wife and child—all dead, it seemed impossible to realize it for a time.

She did not swoon away, nor did she scream or moan, she did not shed a tear even, for she could not have wept had her life depended upon it, yet she fully comprehended the awful intelligence which had just fallen from the lips of the officer.

They seemed to appreciate the import of the awful tidings, and the man who had spoken arose, saying, with stifled voice:

"This is hardly the place for a lady like you. We are discussing important military matters, and, with your permission, I will escort you to your quarters."

"I thank you, sir, but I suppose Doctor can do that, as he seems to be perfectly familiar with everything, and I see you are much needed."

Cora turned as she spoke, expecting to see the swarthy Sepoy standing near her, and the officer started, as he replied:

"You had scarcely entered when he stepped out. He is a strange being; Nana Sahib considers him the best spy in his service."

"And yet you permit him to be here?" exclaimed the young lady, in amazement, after acknowledging the salute of General Wheeler and the others, as she passed out under charge of her escort. "I do not understand—"

"No, I suppose not," said the other, in a quiet way, "and if it were customary for men in my position to tell secrets, I could reveal something to you that would astonish you much more. You may learn some day what I mean. I cannot make out how it is that he, of all others, should have brought you into the entrenchments. He is the last man in the world that I would have suspected—but he has done it, nevertheless. Have you seen any of the sepoys he carries with him?"

"Merely no. I knew that he professed to be a snake-charmer, but I did not suppose he carried them with him."

"I never knew him to be without any. I'll wager that he has three or four about him now, if he could be found."

"Where is he?"

"He may be in the tent of Nana Sahib, or he may be on the other side of the Ganges, of aiming for Lucknow or Delhi. There is no saying; and it is as likely as not that you will never see him again."

"He is a strange creature, indeed."

"Yes, and I am not entirely satisfied with him. I am afraid, if the truth was known, he would not be permitted such free ingress and egress, but—why talk of such things?" suddenly demanded the officer, as if he would deprive himself for his oversight. "You have nothing to do with such matters, and they can only perplex you when referred to in the manner which I am compelled to follow—but here I believe is the best place we have at our disposal, and I will bid you good night."

"Good night! 'tis, it may be good-bye forever," said Cora, as she thought of her dead friends—and to-morrow—

CHAPTER XIV

"There are scenes to be in a morning. That comes like the break of day; or a beautiful rainbow sweeping down. When the morn has cleared away."

No pen can picture in true colors the three weeks spent in the entrenchments by the defenders of Cawnpore. Thirst, hunger and sickness, death, in its most repulsive form, a furnace-like fervor of heat, sulphurous smoke, that settled like a cloud over the seemingly doomed Europeans, the ripping crash of shot and shell, the blood-curdling yell of the murderous Sepoys, the incessant effort necessary to prevent the spread of flames caused by the hot shot of the mutineers, and, above all, the gradual extinguishment of hope, and the growing conviction that all this was to be in vain, and that these swarthy demons were to triumph in the end—these horrors marked the despairing existence of that little band against Nana Sahib, one of the greatest masters of cruelty that has ever been known.

Driven to desperation, every expedient was resorted to that afforded any prospect of relief. W. J. Shepherd, of the Commissariat Department, who possessed an accurate knowledge of the habits and language of the natives, disguised himself as a cook of the mutineers, and left the entrenchments, with the intention of going to Lucknow in quest of assistance from Sir Henry Lawrence, but he was scarcely within the rebel lines, when he was taken prisoner, consigned to the camp of the Nana, and sentenced to be instantly shot.

Cora Wilson, surrounded by women and children, some sleeping, others moaning, and some in the throes of death, with the thunder and cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the shouts of the combatants in her ears, fell into a stupor which had more the appearance of death than sleep. She lay thus, in a sort of feverish dream, when at daybreak she was aroused by a commotion that convinced her on the instant that something unusual was going on. Like all the others she had lain down without removing her clothing, and as she dashed out into the open space, she felt a musket ball graze her forehead, and a lady directly behind her fell dead, killed by the same missile. Inquiring the cause of the unusual excitement, she was told that General Wheeler, at the head of part of his force, had started upon a sortie, indeed, had just passed outside the entrenchments, where shouts and firing told that they were engaged in a desperate fight.

Those remaining behind crept to different points, from which they could obtain a view of the fighting, and with the aid of their glasses watched the struggle with interest of interest.

General Wheeler and his men charged across the plain from the entrenchments, with the impetuosity of so many famished tigers. Striking the Sepoys' lines, they scattered the panic-stricken wretches like so much chaff, and had they possessed cavalry, could have routed the entire force, but unable to retain the advantage gained, and being overwhomingly outnumbered, they were compelled to fight their way back to the defenses, when it was found that several men were killed and General Wheeler himself so seriously wounded that he was disabled from further service in the field.

A general impression now spread that this was the last, final effort—that nothing more could be done unless assistance speedily arrived.

There were eight hundred and seventy individuals within the entrenchments, during the siege which lasted twenty-two days, at the commencement, there were only two hundred and forty soldiers, and including civilians, native servants, and sick in the hospital, there were barely three hundred men. This handful was harassed and beleaguered for days and nights by a swarming multitude of ferocious Sepoys, outnumbering them twenty to one.

In one respect, Cora Wilson had a vast advantage over all the rest of her companions. They had already endured three weeks of utter misery and wretchedness, and were emaciated, weakened and despairing. She had been compelled to go through none of this, and was as yet in the full possession of her strength and health, with the fine feelings natural to her sex, she devoted herself at once to nursing and consoling those about her who needed attention, and by this means she diverted her mind from the magnitude of the other horrors—by which all were borne down.

This work soon produced a most depressing reaction, for, among all her patients and companions, few could be found who entertained any hope of escape. But there were instances of Christian heroism, such as glorified the lives of the early martyrs. Fair, delicate women, accustomed to quiet, ease and luxury, now superior to their sufferings and contending danger and death with the courage of the veteran soldiers. If they felt despair, there was a resignation with it, and no murmuring was heard at the dispensations of Providence, so insatiable to many. Women who were suffering all the anguish of body conceivable, died with a smile upon their features.

In the moments when something like a lull occurred, Cora could not but reflect upon the strange experience that had been hers during the last few weeks. Happy was she that her beloved parent could know nothing of the imminent peril in which she stood; but Captain Ned, her betrothed, where was he? was still cruising down the coast towards Ceylon?

In the moments when something like a lull occurred, Cora could not but reflect upon the strange experience that had been hers during the last few weeks. Happy was she that her beloved parent could know nothing of the imminent peril in which she stood; but Captain Ned, her betrothed, where was he? was still cruising down the coast towards Ceylon?

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

and one sinking and the other swimming, I have heard of the like; and if you haven't, you may. Master Greysome; and that I'll wish you good night.

So saying, he stalked away out into the shadowy plantation, where, maybe, each bush he passed rose up before him with the ghastly outline and accusing eyes of the unfortunate man who sleeps so quietly under Lansdown Point.

A sombre silence fell on the group after he was gone. Old Mark was the first to break it by a little forced laugh.

"The fellow threatens well," he said; "but the barking dogs don't bite. Barton, look out; there is some one coming."

"Where from?"

"From the wood."

Every eye was turned in that direction, and each man hushed his breath, and became suddenly as motionless as a figure turned to stone.

The new comer advanced boldly. He came into the very midst of them, and then old Mark recognized Herbert Ben-

son. Still he did not speak, fearful of betraying his identity, but remained with his head bent down, and his handkerchief before his face.

There was another minute of this intense silence, and then Herbert said, gravely, and with evident reluctance:

"Mark, I want to become one of you."

Mark put off his guard by the raciness of the joke, burst into a hearty laugh.

"Bless me, Master Herbert, that's a fine notion, too!"

"I am quite in earnest. I wish to join your hand."

"Stop, Master Herbert—what for?"

Herbert choked down something very like a sob. "Because it is necessary."

"Necessary you should become a poacher?"

"Yes, unfortunately."

The old man seemed fairly puzzled.

"I can't understand you, Master Herbert; and, though I don't believe as poaching is much harm, you have no business here."

"I will take any oath you require."

"We don't take no oath; it's just amongst ourselves, you see; and those we can't trust, we must get rid of."

"You can trust me," was Herbert's reply, in a grave, sorrowful voice; "and, moreover, I fancy you will find me a valuable ally, for I mean to beg, as a particular favor, that I may go first when the danger is in front, and last when the danger is behind."

"Are you tired of your life, then?"

"Almost."

Old Mark was silent, reflecting.

"It's odd, too. You never had such a fancy as that before."

"No."

"And what would Mr. Benson say?"

"I don't mean to ask him."

"But he may find out."

"That I expect," answered Herbert, with a peculiar smile the dim light failed to show.

"And you mean to brave his anger?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you over venturesome, Master Herbert?"

"I shouldn't expect you to blame me if I were."

"Look here, Master Herbert, we're rough and unfeasted; all of us and what we don't of much account; but you are different."

"Why am I different?"

"Because you've had the education of a gentleman, and know what's what."

"All you say only makes me more determined."

"Then you have quite made up your mind?"

"Quite."

"Well, we'll put it to the vote, mates. Who objects to Master Herbert Benson as one of us?"

"I object to Master Herbert Benson," said Barton, stupidly; "But I have no objection to Herbert Benson. If we are mates, let us be mates."

Herbert withheld a little. He had been above these men before; now he was about to sink to their level. No wonder that he felt, for a minute, as if the sacrifice he demanded of himself were almost impossible.

"Oh, Milly!" he said, in his secret heart, with a wild passion of regret; "if you only knew! it is so easy to be honest; so terribly hard to be a rogue!"

Old Mark's voice broke in upon his reverie, abruptly.

"Look here," he said; "if you are making up your mind to this in a hurry, out of spite, or any other feeling, my advice to you is to think it over a bit before you decide. Perhaps things may come right where they was wrong, and then you won't be sorry you hadn't waited."

"No, I'd rather join you to-night."

"Very well, then," replied Old Mark, abruptly; "don't let us stand parleying any longer. Let us start."

"Where are we going?"

"Through Lansdown Wood first."

"Do you think the keepers are out?"

"Barton says so, but I have heard no sign."

"You wouldn't until they were up with you, I expect."

"We generally have a pretty good idea when they are after us. One of them has a dog."

"But Lawrence wouldn't be likely to bring him out again, I should fancy," Nat remarked. "If it hadn't been for him we should have been caught last time, for a certainty."

"And he lamed you for a couple of days, anyhow," said Old Mark.

"Which was better than being caught, father. And no one was a bit the wiser for my misfortune."

"No; you managed it well; I will say that for you, Nat. Your lameness went off very suddenly when any one came in sight. Did you hear of Mr. Carthen's offer, lads?" added Old Mark, turning to the others. "He wanted to take my Nat, here, and make what he called an honest lad of him."

"And what did you say?" Barton asked.

"I said we wouldn't be parted, after living and working all these years together. I think the boy had a hankering after it, too, by his face."

"No!" answered Nat, so resolutely, that only Herbert perceived a soft undertone of regret and sadness, as if Nat had certain aspirations of which his father knew nothing. "I'll hold by you, father, to the end."

"Till I'm laid underground. That is right, lad."

Assuredly, no one could deny that these two, whatever might be the errors of their life, were truly attached to each other, and that if Nat were making a sacrifice, he made it bravely.

"Now, then," exclaimed Old Mark, eagerly; "are you ready, mates?"

The men muttered assent.

"If you will keep back me, I will show you how it is done, Master Herbert," he added. "I master myself there isn't a man to tell Lansdown cleverer than kind of thing that I am. We ought to have a pretty bag before dawn. Nat's laid a good lot of snares in the wood, and it's a swarming alive with game. Mr. Carthen has gone a courting, and doesn't meddle much with the pheasants and hares."

"All the better for us," said Barton.

"Ay; only we must make hay whilst the sun shines. After courting comes matrimony, and then the Squire won't humor us so much, you may be sure."

Herbert was to have had the post of honor at old Mark's side; but somehow he lingered a little in his reluctance to the enterprise, and found himself last.

The shadowy procession, silent as the grave now, passed into the wood, and the pressure of their feet on the rotten leaves and sere underwood sent a rustle as of a sharp wind through the gloom.

Herbert paused one minute under a giant elm, and as he passed, a strange figure, lying along one of the branches, swooped down like some bird of prey over his victim, and a long, long hand clutched at his throat eagerly.

Old Mark, looking back, missed him, and sent a soft whisper down the ranks:

"Where is Master Herbert?"

"Coming," said Herbert; and with one stride he was out of reach of the evil hand, which, having missed its prey, moved in the air vaguely for a minute, and drew back, baffled.

But, absorbed in his own sorrowful thoughts, Herbert did not even guess that old Mark's whisper had stood between him and certain death.

CHAPTER XX.

TRAICERY.

Lady Clementina was one of those women who, if never tempted, make very respectable members of society, and are even regarded, by those who look on the surface only, as of average goodness and amiability. In reality, she has a hard heart, and cruel, unscrupulous nature; but, as Lady Clementina Daure, she never yet had any of those trials which demonstrate the existence of these bad qualities, and might have gone down to her grave honored if not belied, had it not been for the fatal passion Mr. Carthen had excited in her breast.

To this Lina, whom she regarded as an insignificant school girl, preferred to herself; to know that her love was known and commented on in her own family, seemed to rouse all the evil passions that had hitherto lain dormant, and convert the cold, placid, haughty Clementina into a perfect fury. Often, when the rest of the household were sleeping quietly, she, in past days the first to retire, would be pacing her room up and down, up and down, until the gray dawn stole in through the lace curtains, making the pallid face yet more pallid, and giving the heavy eyes yet more weariness.

And Lady Clementina began to alter sadly.

She was conscious of this herself—how could she help being? She began to look haggard, even old; and Lord Daure would wonder, often, at her face, what could have brought this change.

"It is nothing," Lady Clementina would say, always avoiding Lina's tender glances of inquiry, and steering herself against the advances the poor child might try.

"What do you mean?"

At this direct appeal, Lady Clementina felt the hot blood tingling to her very finger-ends, and yet the lips that framed her soft whisper were white as death.

"I could tell you, but you would not heed me."

"Perhaps not. I should mistrust any one's interference in a matter of this kind."

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise, you would say."

"No; ignorance is not bliss—at least, not to my mind."

"One would think so."

"I wish you would explain your meaning, Lady Clementina," said Mr. Carthen, gravely; "I am not at all fond of being puzzled."

Lady Lina had strolled away toward the piano, and pretended to be examining some music. She knew her sister's secret now, and had resolved that, if it were necessary, she would sacrifice her own happiness entirely to give her peace.

She thought to propitiate her sister at this minute by leaving her alone with Mr. Carthen. She guessed that her presence in the drawing-room was an offence in itself.

It seemed hard that she must resign Mr. Carthen, for Lina loved him dearly—loved him with the whole strength of her warm heart.

"I suppose it must be," she thought, "but it is a cruel thing that, having, as it were, the whole world to choose from, Clementina should want just the one I want. She will hate me so, too, if I do not give him up."

"I see how it must be. Even if he will not marry her, she won't expect me to be happy. I begin to wish I had never been born," sighed poor Lina.

"I thought I was going to have such a beautiful life, and now Clementina—"

Her brain was full of schemes of vengeance. Should she go at once and warn Lord Daure, and write an anonymous letter to Herbert Benson? No; rather wait until there was more to tell—until her vengeance would fall sharper and clearer. She would have patience here—but Lina!

She heard her voice as she entered, singing one of the simple ballads Mr. Carthen loved; and she knew, by instinct, that he was there, listening and watching the singer's face with those deep, loving eyes of his, which told his secret so plainly.

"Oh, if I had but Samson's strength," she thought to herself. "If I might go in there, and holding the pillars that support the roof above their heads, drag it down upon them, and crush them as they sit fawning into each other's eyes, how willingly would I perish too, for the sake of vengeance!" Her voice sickened me; I dare not trust myself by them until she has done. I sing a thousand times better than she does, and yet he never comes to listen to me.

She placed a crimson rose among the masses of her black hair, and went down, conscious of looking her best, and anxious that Mr. Carthen should notice it, too.

Lina had done singing now, and was sitting at the centre table, turning over a book of prints. Lord and Lady Daure were playing piquet. Mr. Carthen, close at Lina's elbow, looked over the page with her; and his hand, in turning the leaves, lingered near her hair, and once pressed gently the slender fingers, which trembled a little, but did not move. Lady Clementina's jealous eyes saw all this; they also saw that although Mr. Carthen rose courteously as she approached, and offered her his chair, his glance was never once lifted to her face. She sat down where he had sat. Mr. Carthen, on pretence of finding another chair, got round to the other side, and there stayed.

The action was natural enough. He preferred to be at Lina's side rather than her's, and there certainly could be no harm in gratifying this fancy;

but to Lady Clementina, watchful and on the alert, this seemed like an insult.

She bowed her head on her bosom, speechless with sorrow and rage. When she looked up again, Mr. Carthen and Lina were again bending over the prints together, as absorbed in each other as if they had forgotten her very existence.

The bitterness in her heart rose to Lady Clementina's lips.

"Lina!" she said, sharply; "that book is mine, and you know I value it."

At this, so impudent and discourteous to Mr. Carthen, Lina turned and looked at her sister in pained surprise; but Mr. Carthen was the one to speak.

Lady Clementina, it was entirely my fault. I opened the book and invited Lina to come and look at it with me."

"You have forgotten her title, fancy," dropped scuriously from Lady Clementina's lips.

"I presumed on our long intimacy, you see. What does Lady Lina say to the amendment?"

"That it is no amendment at all," replied the girl. "When old friends are so scrupulous, I always fancy I must have hurt or offended them."

"You never could do that."

Unconsciously, Lina was significant, and his glance fell upon Lady Clementina, and in her bitterness Lady Clementina was actually undignified.

"That woman hates me," thought Mr. Carthen; "but why, I cannot tell. It is not possible that she should be jealous of Lina's conquest, and yet I can think of no other reason for her sudden animosity. Fortunately, Lina will not allow herself to be set against me; otherwise, I should be inclined to think that my cause was in danger."

He shut the book of prints and handed it to Lady Clementina, with a little bow that was full of suppressed disdain. Lady Clementina colored to her brows.

"I did not mean that," she stammered; "only Lina—"

"I told you it was entirely my fault, Lady Clementina.

"You did not know—"

"I imagined, of course, that it was put on the table for any one to look at who chose; and as Lady Lina and myself were anxious not to disturb Lord and Lady Daure in the middle of their game, we came here."

"I should have thought the singing would have disturbed them more than anything."

"They were kind enough to say it did not. Lord Daure even asked for one song more; although that might have been out of regard for my feelings, knowing that I wished for it."

"You would have us believe that you were very modest, sir."

"Your ladyship misunderstands me," he replied, with an affectation of formality to match her. "You know my natural character too well to make any pretence of this kind worth while."

"I cannot say that I have studied it sufficiently to be a judge."

"I never flattered myself that you had, but, being a very transparent individual, I thought it probable that I might have betrayed myself unconsciously, even to indifferent eyes. I don't pretend to be learned, Lady Clementina. I am just clever enough to know my own ignorance."

"But not clever enough," she answered, softly and delicately, "to know where real happiness is to be found."

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The Boudoir

One communication relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editor," *Saturday Evening Post*.

WHITHER THOU GOEST I WILL GO.

BY A. P. FREEMAN.

All although the moon in way we uttered,
And I, with spirits light,
As from a schoolmate thy jeans wedding
I saw her home, one fair June night.
Her sweetest moments are the sweetest,
Her smile the most winsome, her laugh the
Within a porch of blossoming roses,
We lingered at her garden door.

Among the "on dits" that reach us from the centre of the fashionable world, comes one concerning the flat of Monsieur Worth, the distinguished dress artist, in favor of plaids. This mighty potentate, before whose criticism royalty bows its crowned head, and in dread of whose withering frown duchesses and countesses stand trembling, has only to nod his "ambrosial curl," towards a style and forthwith it becomes a model, by which the entire fashionable world arrays itself; or else it is crushed in his birth hour by over so slight an arch of his expressive brow, or the scarcely perceptible elevation of the extreme corner of his left shoulder, in that comprehensive and utterly annihilating gesture, so peculiarly France's weapon of war in social life, and which losses it reckoning when wielded by strange hands.

To be brief, plaids are going to be, may, are fashionable—not has Worth said it? Follow the great leader with discriminating footsteps, oh fair friends. Ye who are short and plump, indulge not in the extreme of the mode. Let your squares and blocks be small and of "sober, sad coloring." Choose ye rather the modest "shepherd's" plaid of white and black or blue and gray in tiny checks; or else the daint brown, combined with darker shades. Few before the wide and pronounces "Forty-second." Let your wise sons above the "Victoria," the "Stuart" and the like conspicuity of the "McLean." In fact the path of decided safety for all sizes, figures and complexions lies in following the modest footway of neutral tints and small figured patterns. Having given which note of warning, we now proceed to the description of such suits under this head, which it has been our privilege to see.

One which we think will be acceptable to our readers, was a combination of black cashmere, with fine "shepherd's plaid," not the familiar black and white check, known to us by that name, but a similarly sized check of blue and dark gray. The underskirt of this suit was of the plaid. The back breadth laid in heavy full pleats. The front simple, trimmed only with pieces, one bias, of the plaid, rounded at the top, bound with black, and laid down diagonally, from the knee to the end of the skirt, sash piece held in place by a black covered button. The overskirt was a double apron, the lower and larger one of the black cashmere, piped with the plaid. The upper one quite short, and of the plaid. The scarf sash at the back and of the plaid, lined with the plaid, cut long and square at the ends, the sides turned over and fastened in long tapering revers by buttons, and thus revealing the plaid lining.

The enameled basque was of the cashmere with plain coat sleeves of the plaid, also standing collar and revers of the same. If such a suit were worth for traveling, a double cap is added the larger being of the plaid, the upper of the cashmere.

Among new wooden goods is the "Galashel tweed," a soft material in dark, dim colors and with large diagonals. And among the new silks is a dark rich variety, known as the "Mata-lasse," which has figures woven upon it, giving a heavy, velvety appearance.

The pelisse, like Mr. Punchinello, continues to pop up with "Here we are again," despite the efforts to put it down. We have seen one of the two very elegant ones in the more advanced autumn season and the winter months. Their extreme simplicity charmed us, for to adorn velvets with embroidery, lace and passementerie, always seemed to us like painting the lily. Its lustrous richness should be unmarred.

One we shall sketch was destined to adorn the lovely figure of a belle of our city. It was long and full, very slightly draped in the back by tapes under the seams. The edge was corded with laceless silk. The fronts were square and laced high at the sides; the looping done by five plats, upturned and held in place by as many large crocheted buttons. The front was buttoned to the knee. The only ornament was a heavy silk cord and flat tassels of fine silk twist, looped from the left shoulder to the centre of the back, just below the standing collar.

Bonnets are being shown with half wreath in front of gray and shaded leaves of the "foliage" plants so popular among florists. Others have clusters of roses in front, ending in long vines, which pass over the crown.

"Blue jet" is very fashionable. Beaded belts with jet châtelaine and pockets attached are much worn. Fashonable jet earrings are they hearts with an arrow piercing them.

NINOS.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ESSIE.—Braid your hair in one heavy plait, and loop it low, tying with black ribbon.

HELLA G.—Yes, there is a fashion in china, as well as in dress, furniture, etc. For a young housekeeper of moderate means the plain white French china is most preferable. You can always match it, too, if pieces break, and you know they always will.

LOTTIE.—Suits of cashmere and silk will be very fashionable again this season. Many are combining the two by having back breadths of silk and front of cashmere, but we must confess a taste to such. They remind us of patchwork quilts or scarcity of material.

ANSETTE.—What a foolish girl you are to "argue" over an inoffensive little note that ventures too near your rose lips. Why, many persons consider such marks very beautiful, even going so far as to state them will running, shaded bits of black composition. Let your face remain as nature formed it, dear child, and so cultivate the soul and heart which shine through it that you may possess a beauty not merely "skin-deep."

Mrs. J.—There is an old adage that if you keep a garment seven years it will be in vogue again at the end of that period. Your check silk, which you say you had fourteen years, is not quite fashionable and known by the new name of "quadrille" silk. Make it into a plain overskirt, and trim with brown silk of the shade to match the brown block in your plaid. Read "Boudoir" for Sept. 6th for additional hints concerning it.

WEATHER THOU GOEST I WILL GO.

BY A. P. FREEMAN.

All although the moon in way we uttered,
And I, with spirits light,
As from a schoolmate thy jeans wedding
I saw her home, one fair June night.
Her sweetest moments are the sweetest,
Her smile the most winsome, her laugh the
Within a porch of blossoming roses,
We lingered at her garden door.

I know, I was late, and you I carried;
I was hard to tear myself away;
For though her lips "good night" had
pealed,
Her smile, her eyes still held me stay.
Her hair in mine was shily nestled;
I stopped an arm beneath her shawl,
And on each dimpled cheek I pressed her—
The maid I had the best of all.

The household all were wrapped in slumber;
I had no fear that they would hear
me wot of all the woe I murmured.
Not one could see us for the room
That shut the world out as it is—
Ah, me! it's just such precious moments
Whose memory makes all hearts akin.

How timidly I asked my darling!
To me for me the happy day,
When, from another's happy wedding,
I wonder'd if I could be wed.
I wonder'd if I had dared to ask her—
Until, in accents sweet and low,
Came from her lips the old new story,
"Whichever thou goest I will go."

That old pearl, with all its roses,
Had long since fallen to decay;
And we who were once in fashion,
Took to have grown old and gray.
The joys of earth now fail and feel,
But in that home beyond the skies,
We know that we shall live forever,
For true love never, never die.

HAUNTED!

That Bottle of Old Rye.

BY FREDERICK R. MILLIS.

"Ghosts, indeed!" said old Petter-grew, "what next, I wonder!"

Simon Petter-grew was the appointed agent to the estate of Jabez Jungle, recently deceased—said Mr. Jabez Jungle having shuffled off this mortal coil at the age of four score years, leaving his worldly matters in a state of extreme perplexity.

Mr. Simon Petter-grew—or "old Petter-grew," as the tenants called him—was taking a "bird's-eye view" of the property whose rental he was in future to collect. He stopped at an empty house and wondered why it wasn't tenanted.

Somebody suggested that the house was haunted by evil spirits—ghosts!

"Ghosts, indeed!" said Petter-grew, "what next, I wonder!"

From the recesses of a capacious pocket he drew forth a printed sheet which announced, "This House to Let, apply to Mr. Simon Petter-grew, at his office thereunder designated, and with the assistance of a bottle of mulled wine he succeeded in affixing the paper to the wall.

The neighbors shook their heads doubtfully. "True's that's a scare for 'ghosts,'" said Petter-grew, "applying his own hand-work—'spirits won't live rent free here."

"Who's got the key?" he next shouted, looking around him sternly. "How can we obtain access to the dwelling?"

No one could say, but half a dozen keys for trial were speedily forthcoming. At length one fitted.

"Now," said the agent, shaking his fist at the invisible—"now for the ghost!"

"Don't look like taking the place by storm!" queried Dick Fibre, a little nervous man, who had been attracted by the crowd—"suppose—"

"Who'll get first?" said Petter-grew, "and then'll pay his value!"

No one offered himself for the position. Dick made two steps forward, but hastily retreated. At length old Petter-grew himself entered, and several of the neighbors followed his footsteps cautiously.

Nothing could be seen but mouldy walls and fragments of broken glass and china; neither upstairs nor downstairs, nor in the basement or cellar was there any sign of human or spiritual habitation.

Petter-grew opened the windows and doors, and returned to the street triumphantly.

"Wouldn't give a fig for all the ghost stories that ever spoiled paper," he said. "Bless me, what's that?"

It was a noise overhead like the sudden closing of a door, followed by a deep rumble that died slowly away.

"Phew! it's the wind," said Petter-grew.

"You wouldn't care to live here?" said Fibre, doggedly.

"Wouldn't," answered Petter-grew, "well, we'll see."

The house remained untenanted. Some of the neighbors declared that the form of Jabez Jungle had appeared at one of the windows surrounded with the glare of colored fire. Others, who had not witnessed the phenomenon, shook their heads very wisely, as people who are not quite certain very often do.

"Who'll have the house rent free for a month?" asked Petter-grew, one day, but none volunteered.

"Three months!" shouted Petter-grew.

Still no offer to take possession, even upon these terms.

"Six months!" shouted Petter-grew, but his appeal was vain.

"Then I'll live in it myself," he resolved.

He wished he hadn't said it. They all anxiously inquired when he would move in.

"It wasn't convenient just then," was his reply, generally, at last some one said that he was "afraid, no doubt."

He saw that he must "face the music"—or the ghosts, so he made the best of it, and speedily had the best room fitted up for his accommodation.

With great ceremony he took possession one evening, armed with a bottle of "old rye" and a revolver.

No one would accompany him throughout the night—not, even on the promise of a companion bottle. Several neighbors promised to "call him early," however, and with this he was forced to be contented.

He could not sleep, so he made himself as comfortable as possible and took several small installments of the spirituous liquid.

"Ghosts, indeed!" he muttered, in spite of additional courage by the exhilarating beverage. "I'd like to see them."

Now Petter-grew never knew whether he fell asleep or not, but it appeared to him that no sooner had he uttered the words, "I'd like to see them," than the

windows and doors began to rattle spitefully, and in walked, just as natural as in life, the figure of Jabez Jungle!

Old Petter-grew wasn't in the least frightened—so he said afterwards—in fact, he tried to take his old friend by the hand, but failed in the endeavor; because from the moment of the spirit's entry, the room began to whirl around with extraordinary velocity; so that, at times, there appeared to be some half disembodied beings present at the same time.

What followed Simon Petter-grew always declined to state. He hinted that his deceased friend had given him some important information, and had vanished in a sheet of blue flame, after drinking from the bottle to the health and prosperity of all his relatives and friends, and promising never to appear again at all, of which the neighbors expressed their great gratification.

But as Simon was fast asleep when the curious visited him, and the bottle of "old rye" was quite empty, there were many who expressed almost as great a doubt upon his veracity as they had previously expressed a belief in the supernatural—which was ungenerous, but it is to be noted that she had nothing but kind words to say.

She had found out her mistake in marrying me when it was too late. Had found out that she loved another more than she could ever hope to love me, and she was going away with him. Perhaps from the impulse of the heart, and in darkness for me.

Old Petter-grew was fast asleep when the curious visited him, and the bottle of "old rye" was quite empty, there were many who expressed almost as great a doubt upon his veracity as they had previously expressed a belief in the supernatural—which was ungenerous, but it is to be noted that she had nothing but kind words to say.

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